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Judge

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DECEMBER 21, 1918
PRICE 10 CENTS

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Drawn by C. L. CROMPTON

CHEEKY

Practical Christmas Suggestions

By GLADYS M. HALL

DO your Christmas shopping early!
Yes, but tell me what to buy.
Everything that I have thought of
Is tabooed, or priced too high!

Gifts must not be non-essentials.
Buy some worthy, useful thing
For your pretty little sweetheart—
(No! You must not give a ring.)

No more candy. Why not send her
Half a ton of coal, or so?
She'll appreciate your present
When the winds begin to blow.

Do not give your aunt silk hosiery;
Knitted wear is all the go.
Buy her khaki-colored stockings,
Military style, you know.

Get your father plug tobacco;
That is what the soldiers use.
Every patriot now buys Cut-Plug.
(It's no matter if he chews.)

Baby sister wants a dollie.
Do not get a German toy!
Buy instead a W. S. S. stamp—
Five years hence 'twill bring her joy.

What on earth shall I get Mother?
Must be something *very* nice!
How about a pound of butter—
If you can afford the price?

There are many more suggestions;
Some of them I cannot rhyme.
Here's a hint, though, that will help you—
**Judge* is welcome any time!

**One year $5. Thirteen weeks $1.*

Judge*—*The Happy Medium
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JUDGE

"THE HAPPY MEDIUM"

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 21, 1918

Published Weekly by Leslie-Judge Company
225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Drawn by C. D. BATCHELOR

LOCATING JIM

Drawn by GORDAN GRANT

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THINGS PAST AND PRESENT

"Oh, How We Hate to Get Up in the Morning—
But How We Like to Stay Out at Night."

Drawn by Agnes Lee

The Lucky Throe

By Gelett Burgess

Illustrated by Gelett Burgess

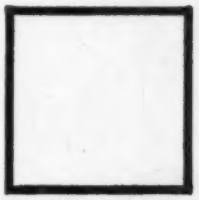
(And he never took a lesson in his life)

IT was 6.65 o'clock of a wild winter morning when Igo Czarda awoke wide awake in the Inn. In that winter weather one would rather be in than out the Inn. Out, it was bitter; but in it was better. It was, in fact, what is called cold; so cold he was cooled. He almost keeled over, killed with cold.

He was not in her Circle.

Jumping from his pallet, he gargled his palate and took his palette and began to paint—paint and pant, with his eyes shut. They were like boiled onions, with cream sauce, his eyes. Why open them? He would have seen only the chimneyed chamber of a silvery Slovak inn. But when his eyes were cleverly closed he saw the fairy face of the doll that he adored—Frita Banana!

Alas for his hungry hopes! She was a Jugo-Czech, while he was Czecho-Jug. He was not in her circle. While it was terribly simple, yet it was simply terrible. In his despair he painted her with seven chins—and she had only five!

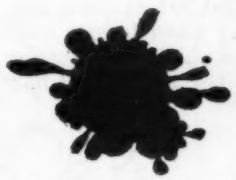


He looked down into a charming Square.

Finally, funnily he flung down his brushes and walked (not ran) to the nearest window. Opening the curious casement, he looked down into a charming square—Matzos Square, the center of the little village of Vakoslavia. No signs of life were visible, only the life insurance signs. Igo thought seriously of throwing himself out the window. Looking down, he decided it was too far from the ground.

"No, I want nothing in that Line."

So, after he had seen the scene, he descended the stair, to stare morosely at the brick breakfast table.



He found a deserted Spot.

"As I thought," he said, "endives and eggs. No, I want nothing in that line. They are too mere. What care I for mere food? I long for love; and I have loved for long."

Where now was Frita Banana? She had his heart, and how he needed it!

Silently he sought a place to die. At last he found a deserted spot, and, kneeling, knelt in prayer. Then, after languidly licking his freezing finger, he removed a ring—the round ring he had bought for Her. But it would never be Her-ring now.

He gazed at the handsome Diamond.

"I love every hair on your head!" often he had exclaimed. But as she was unable to count over a million, she never knew just how much he loved her. No doubt she overestimated it. She had thin hair.

All this he remembered as he gazed at the handsome diamond. Then, shuddering, blinded with tears, "To the devil with you!" he shrieked, and flung it from him, straight across the street.

Igo was already a-Cross.

Somebody saw it. Somebody caught it. Somebody put it on her fat fourth finger. On the other side of the street Frita Banana bawled, "Come over, Igo, I love you!" But Igo was already across.

Drawn by CALVERT SMITH

Little Girl (who discovers laundry near chimney of apartment house)—Oh Dear! I wonder how any one had the nerve to do that!

An Off Week for the Minister's Wife

By MAX MERRYMAN

THE wife of the Rev. Joab St. Paul was on the witness stand testifying in a case that made it necessary to give an account of where she was and what she had done during one week. Her testimony follows:

"Monday I got up and got breakfast as usual and got my five children off to school. Then I went over to the church to help get ready for a chicken pie supper we were to have that evening. In the afternoon I had to go to a meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society, and in the evening I had charge of the tables at the supper and helped to wash the dishes afterward. Tuesday I did my usual ironing and other household work and in the afternoon I had to go to a meeting of the Mission Band of our church. The Young People's Society had a social at the parsonage in the evening, so that kept me at home. Wednesday forenoon I had to attend the regular meeting of our Wednesday morning class for Bible study and in the afternoon I had to meet with the ladies who were packing a barrel to send to South Africa, and then we had a meeting of the committee appointed to plan for a Sunday School concert. I am chairman of that committee, so I had to attend. In the evening came the weekly prayer meeting. Thursday morning I had to go to a meeting of the W. C. T. U., of which I am president, and in the afternoon the Dorcas Society met at the parsonage, and I had to serve refreshments. Then in the evening the deacons and trustees of the church met at the parsonage and my husband thought that it would be nice if I had a little cocoa and cake for them. Friday morning I had to meet with the ladies of the church to plan for the entertainment of the Association that meets with our church this year, and I was made chairman of the committee. In the afternoon the Children's Band came to the parsonage for their monthly meeting, and I had to train them in the part they are to take in our next Sunday School concert. Then in the evening the teachers and officers of the Sunday School held their regular weekly meeting at the parsonage, and as the night was so raw and cold my husband thought I'd better serve tea and cocoa and cakes to them. Saturday morning I was kept very busy getting ready to entertain a minister and his wife and their three children who were to be in town over Sunday, and in the afternoon I had to have a little reception for them and then go to a committee meeting afterward. Then in the evening I had to go to the church and rehearse with the choir. Then on Sunday—well, we always have five different meetings that I have to attend on Sunday and that Sunday I had to go to a funeral besides. Still, I was not as busy that week as I am most weeks."

Drawn by LANG CAMPBELL

First Mouse—Didn't Santa Claus leave him any candy or raisins this year?

Second Ditto—Nope—only Liberty Bonds and War Saving Stamps.

Mixed Up

"Well, I see the Germans have made peace."

"You're crazy. The allies *made* it."

Sure Sign

"How will we really be able to tell when Germany is civilized?"

"When they play baseball over there."

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Drawn by A. B. WALKER

ANOTHER WOMAN'S RIGHT

Sister—Sh! It's Santa Clausette sure enough.

His Place

By LESLIE VAN EVERY

FULLY an hour before, while the local band was playing "The Star Spangled Banner," the morning train had arrived to discharge of its passengers a half dozen soldiers returned from France, and then to pull forth on its westward way again.

At a dinner-table, far from the village's main square and the scene of a celebration, sat the mother, father, brother and sister of Bob—Bob who had so gladly enlisted two years before, and departed with other town boys to enter the Old World fight.

They were four souls with but a single thought, as they silently looked, with tear-filled eyes, at Bob's plate, and the chair which he always had occupied in those other days. How different things might have been!

But hold! Let us join them that we may see things for ourselves. Why! The plate is right side up, and on it is tempting food! And the chair! Sure enough, there sits Bob! It's his first meal back home! Just watch him eat! Oh, boy!

A Pleasurable Occasion

"I was a member of the large and intelligent audience in Hefflefinger's Hall last night," said old Gaunt N. Grimm, "and greatly enjoyed your speech on the burning issues of the day."

"I am indeed flattered, I assure you, sir!" sonorously replied the Hon. Bray Lowder. "And may I ask what portion of it especially pleased you?"

"The entire oration. I have always been very fond of puzzles, and it gave me much pleasure to try to discover what were the burning issues of the day, and, having done so, why we should not let them burn."

According to Precedent

"Soup, soft-boiled eggs—and what else?" briskly inquired Heloise, of the rapid-fire restaurant.

"Hold on!" returned the gent with the flowing mustache. "What's the matter with you? I don't want any soup or soft-boiled eggs. I——"

"Gwan!" interrupted the young lady. "A guy with a lip lambrequin like yours always wants soup and soft-boiled eggs."

Business as Usual

By CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
When Father knows his petty cash is doomed to disappear;
In chains of ancient slavery his tender hopes lie dead,
And visions of a happier dawn forevermore have fled.
He dreamed of tipless holidays, when war jobs called the men,
But the brightness of his smile is gone, as Yuletide comes again.
The janitress and butlerette they scored an hour ago;
The chauffeuse and the barberine with touching kindness glow;
The lady ash-collector and the damsel with the ice,
The belle-hop and the errand-girl annex the usual price.
The proud head waitress at the club puts on a smiling face;
The haughty elevatorette unbends with sprightly grace;
So, like the damp December snow, his assets melt away,
As from his grasp the shekels flow, through all the gloomy day.

Optical Strain

Hokus—I can read him like a book.

Pokus—But he's such a small type I should think you'd ruin your eyes.

Drawn by RALPH BARTON

SEE ALL THE PRETTY THINGS THAT BERLIN IS GOING TO HAVE HANGING ON ITS MUNICIPAL CHRISTMAS TREE THIS YEAR!

An Admirable Arrangement

By Tom P. Morgan

"MY nephew, Oliver Onken, and his wife are the most congenial couple of my acquaintance," said the Old Codger. "Both like to argue—about anything, everything, and nothing; religion, woman's rights, men's lefts, the superiority of their ancestors, war, pestilence and famine, the weather yesterday, today, and next week—it all looks good to them. If one takes this side the other at once takes that side, and if the first one swings over to the other side the second one promptly flops to the first side, and away they go, ramping right along, just as well content as if each were wrangling for his original contention. I have even heard them arguing about the merits of the opposite sides of a bass drum.

"Sometimes he outyells her and on other occasions she outscreeches him. She is a superior cook and housewife, and he is an excellent worker and a liberal provider. I believe neither would know what to do or how to get along if the other were taken away, for I am sure they love each other devotedly. Undoubtedly they are the best matched pair I have ever seen."

Because the Fleet Saved Us

Because She Held Them

Because He Defeated 'Em

Because He Licked Them

Drawn by E. Flohri

Uncle Sam Bows Four Times as the War Closes

Drawn by JOHN CONACHER

SOMETHING THAT ONLY THE CAT SAW: GRANDMA'S SECOND SELF

Self-Made

By TOD CHENEVIX

JUST what does the boob mean when he claims to be self-made? Let's ask him.

"Why, on the day of my birth I got up at sunrise, went out and bought my breakfast, brought it in and cooked it, etc.

"I earned and collected my first clothes—dresses, petticoats, hats, and shoes, while my fond but careless parents were attending to their own small affairs, quite indifferent to my important ones.

"I put myself into school and learned to read and write and count with my own big head.

"When I could manage to make my family let me alone I began to transact business at a profit, first as office boy, later as chief.

"With a growing bank account I still remained good company for my parents at home, refusing to forget their affectionate claim on me, though I was independent.

"Success crowned my business, so that I was able to secure title to the home property by taking up the mortgage.

"I never married, as the right partner was not found, and many a successful career has been blasted by family cares.

"In every respect I am a self-made man, and I ask no favors of anybody."

Drawn by A. B. WALKER

"OVER HERE"

So. Well, we might have known how it was. And now everybody who likes the idea will go in for it. Success is a great thing.

Where They Go

"Good morning, Mr. Manager. I sent you some suggestions yesterday, telling you how you could improve your current show. Have you carried them out?"

"I gave them to my office boy and he put them in the waste basket and carried them out at once."

Drawn by ORSON LOWELL

"Gee, I'm a-gettin' stale. I ain't had my duds off since Saturday week! I feel as dirty as the Bolsheviki we're chasing."

"Humph. Reminds me of our old Seth Thomas back home."

"Wot does?"

"Bill's legs here. He claims they'll run for eight days without rewinding."

Drawn by JOHN HELD, JR.

THE HERO'S RETURN IN UTAH

Six-Shooter Etiquette in Texas

By QUAKER O'BISHOP

TEXANS have invariably insisted that no six-shooter or rough-neck stuff be pulled at dances or Sunday Schools. They have ever been sticklers for the proper thing in literature, science, art and sociability.

It's a safe 100 to 1 bet that in no State in the effete East can a law be found governing such functions similar to the following, which was passed by the Texas legislature away back in 1870:

"If any person shall go into any church, Sunday School or religious assembly, any school room or other place where persons are assembled for educational, literary, or scientific purposes, or into a ball room, social party, or other social gathering, composed of ladies and gentlemen, or into any circus, show or public exhibition of any kind, or to any election precinct on the day of election, and shall have about his person a bowie-knife, butcher knife, fire-arms, whether known as a six-shooter, gun or pistol, dirk, dagger, slung-shot, sword-cane, spear, brass-knuckles, or any kind of knife manufactured or sold for the purposes of offense or defense, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

The punishment was a fine of from $50 to $500 and the forfeiture of the weapons to the county. An additional punishment of ninety days in jail was provided for subsequent violations of the law.

The assumption is that it was considered quite the proper thing to carry any of the above articles of hardware at any function other than those named above.

Intelligent Direction

Customer—Where will I find the candelabra?

New Floorman—All canned goods are in the grocery department on the fourth floor.

A Last Call

If you are contemplating any New Year's resolutions on the subject of truthfulness, then you had better thank Aunt Susan for the pink and blue vase in *December*.

Drawn by CALVERT SMITH

IF ALL HIS LETTERS WERE DELIVERED

This Way Out

"I don't see much use in going to a doctor," said the gaunt Missourian. "You pay him two dollars to tell you what is the matter with you, when you can get for nothing an almanac that will convince you that there are ten times more things the matter with you than the doctor said."

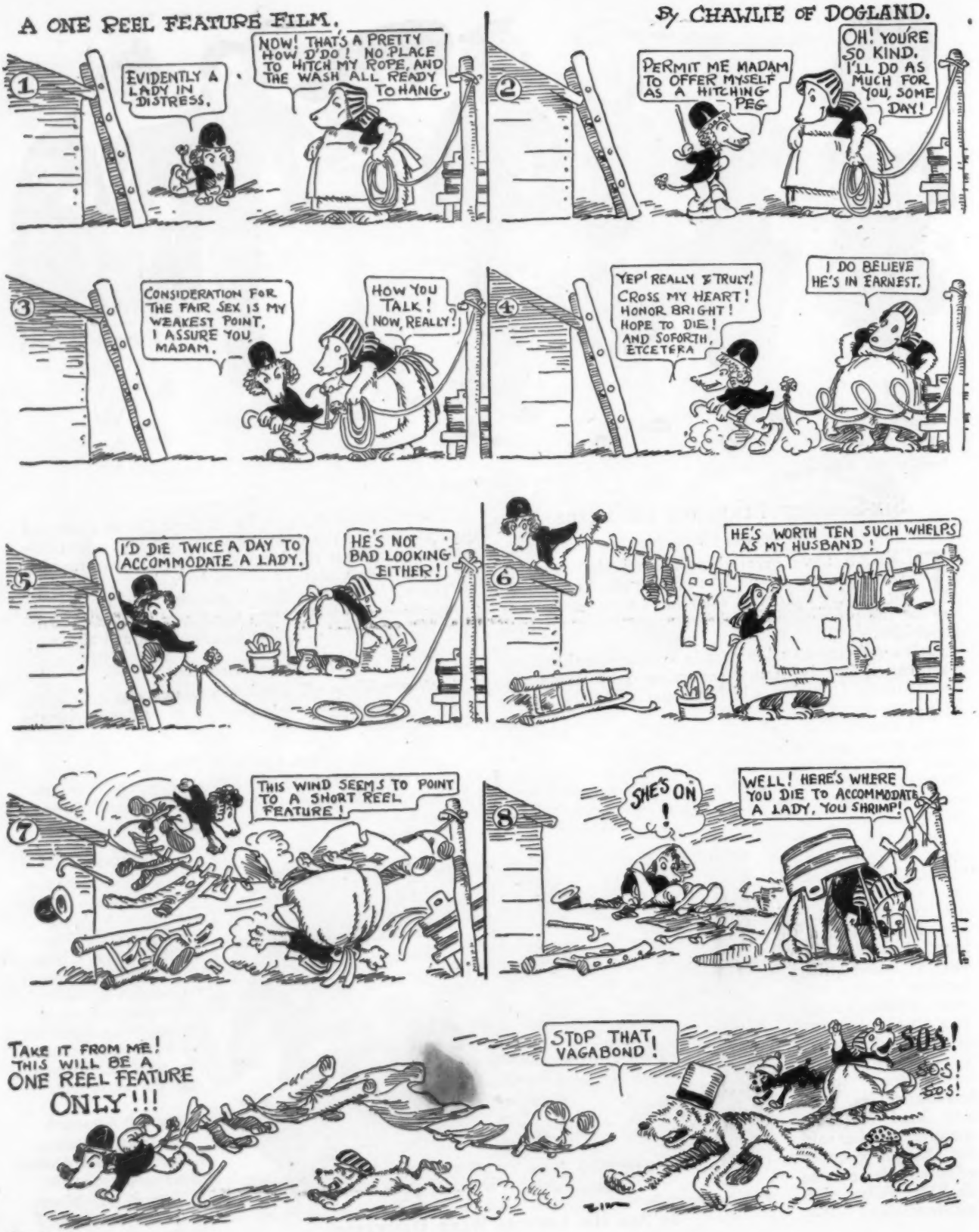
Strangely Changed

He (curtly)—Maria, I must confess I don't understand you at all!

She—Why, Albert! And you used to say I meant so much to you.

A ONE REEL FEATURE FILM.

By CHAWLIE OF DOGLAND.


1
EVIDENTLY A LADY IN DISTRESS.
NOW! THAT'S A PRETTY HOW D'DO! NO PLACE TO HITCH MY ROPE, AND THE WASH ALL READY TO HANG.
2
PERMIT ME MADAM TO OFFER MYSELF AS A HITCHING PEG
OH! YOU'RE SO KIND. I'LL DO AS MUCH FOR YOU, SOME DAY!
3
CONSIDERATION FOR THE FAIR SEX IS MY WEAKEST POINT, I ASSURE YOU, MADAM.
HOW YOU TALK! NOW, REALLY!
4
YEP! REALLY & TRULY! CROSS MY HEART! HONOR BRIGHT! HOPE TO DIE! AND SOFORTH, ETCETERA
I DO BELIEVE HE'S IN EARNEST.
5
I'D DIE TWICE A DAY TO ACCOMMODATE A LADY.
HE'S NOT BAD LOOKING EITHER!
6
HE'S WORTH TEN SUCH WHELPS AS MY HUSBAND!
7
THIS WIND SEEMS TO POINT TO A SHORT REEL FEATURE!
8
SHE'S ON!
WELL! HERE'S WHERE YOU DIE TO ACCOMMODATE A LADY, YOU SHRIMP!
TAKE IT FROM ME! THIS WILL BE A ONE REEL FEATURE ONLY!!!
STOP THAT VAGABOND!
SOS! SOS! SOS!

Drawn by ZIM

"And Occasionally She Danced with a Fascinating Virtuosity."

Blindfolded

By J. A. Waldron

Illustration by Lawrence Fellows

He was a victim of the final drive on the front in France, just before an armistice was declared.

His trembling was constant, his lips quivered, and his hands worked convulsively. It was shell-shock. He had been carried to a field hospital, where Dr. Allenby, a young neuro-psychiatric specialist, was bending over him anxiously.

"I've felt all over. I don't seem to be wounded. But that shell burst only ten feet away. It almost buried me!" These phrases came out spasmodically.

"A narrow escape!" said the doctor. "But it was an escape, after all. You have no wound. You'll be better presently." He caught the young soldier's roving eyes in a compelling gaze—it was almost hypnotic—and there was a soothing influence in his words.

A quick friendship developed between them, although the doctor's duties led to many cots. He returned only occasionally to Murdock, who had given his name almost at first as the doctor was noting his tag number. And the young man, gaining slowly, for his heart had been weakened, looked more avidly for this new friend than he did for the comely nurse who had been assigned to him.

Early in their association Murdock seemed anxious to talk intimately. Encouraged, he revealed a life of sacrifice—in fact two lives of sacrifice. He had become infatuated with a dancer in the theater and induced her to marry him. They soon discovered that they were wholly unsuited to each other, yet they lived together for years.

"She was a good woman," said Murdock, "but she married me, I believe, to escape a stage life. Of course we both were very young, and there was the vital urge of youth on both sides. I tried to be kind to her, but her temperament got on my nerves. We were so different. Yet I came to depend upon her in a strange way. Young as she was, she mothered me—looked after my comfort."

"The maternal instinct," said Dr. Allenby. "You had no children?"

"No children. But we couldn't stand it finally and

separated. I enlisted. I have often wished she might fall in love with some good man to mutual happiness. I should resign her willingly."

After a certain stage Murdock did not improve. Dr. Allenby, who planned his removal to a hospital in Paris, did not tell him that the prospect was grave, but on the contrary cheered him.

The doctor was reassigned to a new field, where there were improvised amusements and more civilized surroundings.

At the canteens there were many young women. One out of the ordinary was Miss Lee. Her artistic gifts were unusual. In spare moments she painted things which seemed unique, and they were used to decorate the canteen to which she was attached—fishes that in action and environment had a Japanese touch; masses of flowers, and birds in patches of foliage that soldiers whose lives had been spent in the open recognized as old friends. And occasionally she danced with a fascinating virtuosity. She was slender, graceful, dark-haired and brown-eyed, and her face in animation shone with the light of genius.

The soldiers adored her from afar, as a woman unapproachable in the ordinary sense. Although she was several years older than Dr. Allenby, he was quickly attracted to her. And she was attracted to him. They fell into association, and were in love before either realized it. Being in love, although nothing had been spoken, it was natural that they should seek each other more and more. His ambition interested her, and her fascination to him was fed by her talents.

"Were you ever on the stage?" he asked one day. "You dance so wonderfully!"

"Yes," she replied, "but not from choice."

"It had no attraction?"

"Not the least."

"And you paint so charmingly! You might make a vocation of that. Your gifts are wonderful!"

"Before I came here they were almost hateful to me. They once stood between me and starvation, and I suffered. There is no inspiration in that. I am happy to exercise them here because they seem to delight the men who are risking their lives for humanity."

He studied her face. "You have had some great unhappiness."

"Unhappiness—yes!" Her eyes moistened as she looked in his with something like pleading. His gaze transmitted something deeper than sympathy.

"Unhappiness is more common than we realize," he said. "I have seen much of it here—at the front—among men, some of whom seemingly were too young to have seen much of life. One young man's mental misery, based on prior experience, dominated him even under stress of serious injury. He had made a grievous mistake in marrying."

"Men have no monopoly of marital misery," she said, and hesitated. "I don't know why I feel like confiding in you, yet—"

"Yet you do—you will. I will confide in you. May I? You are very dear to me, Miss Lee."

She turned white. "But I have deceived you—everybody here. That is my maiden name. I have been married."

"Married?"

"Yes. To escape the theatre. And found unhappiness. We were impossible to each other. I came here to forget it all."

"How like the case of the young man I told you of—Murdock!"

"Murdock is my husband's name!"

Demand and Supply

"What will we do with all our soldiers now that the war is over?"

"That's easy. They can all find jobs as ambassadors and consuls to the new countries in Europe."

The Power of Eloquence

"I hear that de Smart is going to marry his divorced wife."

"Yes, her lawyer presented her in such an attractive light at the divorce trial that he fell in love with her."

Drawn by CALVERT SMITH

"DAR'S WHERE TH' OLD FOLKS STAY."

NOBODY EVER THINKS TO QUESTION A WORD THAT HE INDITES.

Do You Know This Man? *by* H. W. Davis

Illustration by ALBERT LEVERING

ONE of the delightfulest beauty spots that has ever appeared on the fair face of modern science is the journalistic psychologist. His specialty is dreams, mental attitudes with your meals, backward children, relaxation, blood pressure, adolescence, erect posture, concentration, aphasia, green vegetables and somnambulism. He deals with remote causes and remoter results. It is his business to be wise to the human mind. And he *is*, believe him.

Without the slightest provocation he can explain all phenomena from flat feet to cacoethes scribendi. He has a cocksureness that puts native doubt to utter rout. Because of the glistening probability in which he wraps the syndicated products of his master mind, nobody ever thinks to question a word that he indites.

If this knowing journalist takes a notion to prove that there is a subtle, insidious relation between chronic indigestion and Chautauqua circuits, he goes and proves it right off. Little difference does it make to him that the relation doesn't exist. And it doesn't make any difference to you, either, when you read him.

The multiple-cylinder psychologist believes in simple sentences and knee-length paragraphs. They save him the trouble of being logically sound. They aid him in putting over all sorts of leaky logic and pre-digested ethics. If you wish to learn to think without hurting, you should become a follower of some journalistic psychologist.

Open Confession: *by* Walt Mason

I AM the man who won the war, the greatest modern quarrel; I am the man you're looking for, with all that bunch of laurel.

You know how dark the prospect seemed when springtime winds were blowing; the Prussians like a torrent streamed, and naught could stop their flowing. The news each day was getting worse, the Prussian beat us under, and every hour brought its reverse, that made us feel like thunder. Our warriors were losing pep, and so I said, "By whiskers! I'll have to take some drastic step to stop these Prussian friskers."

I had to cheer our allied camp, restore our buoyant manners; and so I bought a green thrift stamp, and thus saved freedom's banners.

The poets, they will write their screeds, extolling soldiers mighty; the orators will tell of deeds that made the foe feel flighty. You'll hear of siege and barricade, such tales will often cheer us; but don't forget the play I made, when ruin seemed so near us. When warriors before us tramp, their bugles blowing faster, oh, don't forget my green thrift stamp, that saved us from disaster.

I needed all the coin I had, to buy my wife some mittens, to get myself a liver pad, and skim milk for the kittens. I needed coin for hoes and spades, for hooks and eyes and buckles; the children cried for hand grenades and razors and brass knuckles. My creditors in anguish groaned and made some ugly faces; for every penny that I owned there were a dozen places. A man of smaller, meaner soul would not have blown a nickel, to put him further in the hole, and deeper in the pickle.

Drawn by E. FLOHRI

I WENT AND BOUGHT A GREEN THRIFT STAMP, WHICH SET ME BACK A QUARTER.

But when I saw the kaiser scamp grow rash with gun and mortar, I went and bought a green thrift stamp, which set me back a quarter.

And from that hour our fortunes changed, the Hun began retreating, while at his heels the allies ranged, and gave him such a beating!

You'll read beside the evening lamp strange tales and highfalutin, but don't forget my green thrift stamp, that canned the raging Teuton.

Judge Editorials

JOHN A. SLEICHER, *President.* REUBEN P. SLEICHER, *Secretary.* GRANT HAMILTON, *Art Director.*
PERRITON MAXWELL, *Editor.* J. A. WALDRON, *Literary Editor.* LAWTON MACKALL, *Managing Editor.*

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COMRADES

SOME of the minor details of war events, as they have varied larger happenings, would suggest that the personal note in post-war days will have a new sound.

The fellowships of the trenches and the field, to say nothing of No Man's Land, have presaged unconventional social association in the piping times of peace which already manifest themselves.

Who has not read of the absorption of "slum" by the youthful viscount and the coster-monger's son from the same improvised dish in the dugout? Or the vital aid rendered indifferently between the highbrow, haply a college professor, and the lowbrow, perhaps a gunman from the East Side, as they have fought and famished hip to hip in the same texture of khaki? Or the impulsive favor or assistance that the millionaire's son has tendered to a former servant, or vice versa, companions in arms and blessed—thanks to the potency of shot and shell and mutual hazard—with mutual respect?

Is the lordling, perhaps with a decoration for valor, now to reassume an air of superiority with the coster-monger's son, likewise honored, after they have quenched thirst from the same cup and sang the songs of war together Over There?

Perhaps. And yet perhaps not. These be strange times, and times as strange are to follow.

Drawn by E. W. KEMBLE

Bill—Remember dot de war was forced upon us.
Beelzebub—Sure, Old Pal . . . and I did the forcing.

A NEW DISPENSATION

THERE are seers among critics who are already speculating as to what humanity will want in the form of literature, now that the war is over.

Some of these foretellers say that the great conflict has purged even from those who have had no actual part in it all liking for the drab, neurotic and unhappily-moody stuff in verse, fiction and drama that belonged to the temper of the time before the world was plunged into something resembling chaos.

Before the war humanity in the mass was selfish. Humanity has been chastened. The ideal, which had little place in life—because of the frenzy for the practical—has been so magnified that the striving and stress for it must in some measure inform all phases of action while the world readjusts itself.

The romantic will be born again and newly stir the imagination. The beautiful will have a mass of new admirers, and thus new promoters. And even the fairies may reappear to make glad a people of simple beliefs and unselfish aims.

Humor, the saving element even in times of tragedy, will revive and assume new forms, for good nature must inevitably be one of the tokens of universal reaction. The world, much as it has suffered, should find happiness in a new desire for happiness. And it is now time to begin to cultivate the new spirit which should mark a new brotherhood of man.

A Digest of the World's Humor

MUSIC

The Connoisseurs—Our friend the pianist dropped in on us yesterday.

"Did you go to the symphony concert?" we asked him.

"Yes."

"Enjoy it?"

"No."

"Why, I heard it was very good."

"It may have been the best ever, for all I know."

"What was the matter?"

"Two women who sat behind me kept up a constant line of chatter during the whole affair."

"What did they talk about—the ending of the war?"

"No; they were telling each other how much they loved music."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Just the One—*Alice*—Glad to meet you, dear. I want you to sing one or two numbers at the charity concert I am getting up.

Madge—That's perfectly sweet of you, dear; but you know I have almost dropped my singing.

Alice—But you are just the one we want for the programme; it is for the inmates of a deaf and dumb institution.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Chronic Egoist—The deposed German orchestra leader heard the uproarious discord of the peace demonstration.

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "Anyhow, in order to celebrate, they had to use the Wagnerian style of music."—*Washington Star.*

Unpleasant Memory—*Flatbush*—Let me see—how does that wedding march go? Can you whistle it?

Bensonhurst—Don't ask me. I'm trying to forget it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

His Instrument—*Blobbs*—If you are going in for music, which instrument would you choose?

Slobbs—Well, I've always thought I would like to be a soloist on a cash register.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Had Something Anyway—*Jim*—I envy the man who sung the tenor solo.

Maud—Why, I thought he had a very poor voice.

Jim—So did I, but just think of his nerve.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

Too Suggestive—The concert last evening in aid of the hospital was a great success, but there was one little hitch. The town undertaker was down for a tenor solo and he insisted on singing "I'm Waiting for Thee."—*Wexford Chronicle.*

Her Idea—"Wagnerian music always sounded noisy and incoherent to me."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "my idea of a Wagnerian orchestra is a big jazz band trying to take itself seriously."—*Washington Star.*

A Rift in the Loot

"I saw it first."—*Tatler* (*London*).

THE SEX

No Sense of Fitness—*Mrs. Exe*—Why do you say that Mrs. Brown is very thoughtless?

Mrs. Wye—She had the parson to dinner the other evening and she served deviled eggs.—*Boston Transcript.*

Switched—"Have you ever met your ideal woman?"

"Scores of times; but I've always been lucky enough to change my ideal."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Explain It—"I have had the same cook for five years," remarked Mrs. Crosslots.

"Indeed," commented Miss Cayenne. "One of you must have a lovely disposition."—*Washington Star.*

Time-Saving Device — Two war workers were discussing slackers.

"Bothered with time-wasting callers, are you? Why don't you try my plan," said the first.

"What is your plan?" said the second.

"Why, when the bell rings I put on my hat and gloves before I open the door. If it proves to be someone I don't want to see, I say: 'So sorry, but I'm just going out.'"

"But suppose it's someone you want to see?" asked the second.

"Oh, then, I say, 'So fortunate, I've just come in.'"—*Los Angeles Times.*

Fifty-fifty—Another thing—when a lady walks the street leading a harnessed dog, which gets the most advertising?—*Galveston News.*

Heroic Measures—"And was the widow so inconsolable?"

"Oh, yes. Why, they had to hide her powder-puff to keep her from weeping."—*Columbia State.*

Getting Off Easy

Tommy (of Labor Battalion)—I'm abaht fed up with this, 'Erb. Look at the stuff we've got to move!

'Erb—Stop yer grouchin'! Wot would yer 'ave said if this war 'ad been fought in America, where all them skyscrapers is?—*Passing Show* (*London*).

MONEY

Thrift—A New York real estate operator gave his little daughter a superb doll's house. It was lighted with electricity, each bedroom had its private bath, and there was a garage with a tiny motor car.

"Well, my love, how do you like your new doll's house?" the millionaire asked the little girl.

"It's all right," she answered carelessly.

"But where is it?" said her father, looking around the sumptuous nursery.

"Oh," said the little girl with a yawn, "I've rented it furnished to Cousin Sallie for 30 cents a week."—*Wall Street Journal*.

The Master's Hand—The late Pierpont Morgan was fond of fine gems and was desirous of purchasing a particularly fine diamond from a Maiden Lane merchant who had imported one of the finest diamonds to be obtainable at that time. The jeweler offered the diamond to Mr. Morgan for $60,000, so the story runs, but after examining the stone with his experts, Mr. Morgan said that $50,000 was about the limit he felt the stone was worth to him.

Now at $50,000 the Maiden Lane merchant stood to make a good profit and naturally he was anxious to sell, inasmuch as such a stone could not be readily disposed of elsewhere and it tied up a lot of capital. So once more he sent a messenger around to Broad and Wall streets with the gem, offering it to Mr. Morgan for $60,000. Presently the messenger returned with a note from the banker which ran in part: "I enclose my check for $50,000, all I feel the stone is worth to me. If you are disposed to sell, retain my check, and return the box, otherwise return my checks." The jeweler did not hesitate this time; he retained the $50,000 check and returned the box unopened.

The messenger sat in Mr. Morgan's presence while he opened the box and assured himself the gem was inside. Tucked neatly next to the diamond was another check for $10,000 made out to the jeweler's order. This went into Mr. Morgan's pocket.—*Wall Street Journal*.

Teuton Wisdom

"*A bartir te temain, nour gommencerons à apprendre l'anglais.*"

"Tomorrow ve start learning der English langvage."—*La Baionnette* (*Paris*).

MATRIMONY

One of Life's Mysteries—Every bride is beautiful, and it is a mystery where all the plain married women come from.—*Boston Transcript*.

Time Is About Here—"Oh, mamma, I'm frightened!" came from little Tommie, in bed.

"What are you frightened about, my son?"

"I hear somebody on the roof."

"Oh, well, go to sleep, my boy; it's only your father taking off his shoes before he sneaks through the scuttle. He's just got home from the club in his airship."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Poor Hubby—"What sort of a man is he?"

"To begin with, he's the husband of a famous novelist."

"I see."

"And is suspected of being the original of the ne'er-do-well she describes so graphically in her latest novel."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Can't Be Done—"I thought you were going to say 'no' when young Wombat asked for your daughter's hand in marriage."

"That was when he was a civilian. How could I say 'no' to a second lieutenant?"—*Kansas City Journal*.

Her Vocabulary—*His Wife*—I can't find words to express my opinion of you.

Mr. Knox—There aren't any. You've tried 'em all.—*Boston Globe*.

Effectual; Possibly Official—*Puzzled Income Tax Official*—And is the separation from your husband an official one?

Munition Kate—I dunno about "official." All I knows is as when 'e comes to our 'ouse we calls the police and they chucks 'im out.—*London Punch*.

Crowding the Quarters—"We feel crowded in this flat," said the tenant, diffidently.

"No wonder!" exclaimed the janitor. "This flat was never intended for a family of six."

"But there are only myself and wife."

"I know better. Besides you two, there are a canary bird and three goldfish."—*Washington Star*.

AUTOS

Pity—"How much did the assessor tax you on your automobile?"

"Nothing. When I took him out in the garage and showed him the car, he took out his pocketbook and gave me ten dollars."—*Ginger.*

Too Inferential—"I want to return this automobile honker."

"Isn't it all right?"

"It might be for some people, but not for me."

"Why not?"

"Man alive, I'm a doctor, and this blooming thing makes a noise like '*Quack! Quack!*'" — *Youngstown Telegram.*

Coo and Bill—*Shopping Wife*—Isn't it a sweet little hat, Jack? Guess what it cost?

Motoring Husband—About one tire, I should say.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Too Much of a Shock—The chauffeur had been haled into court for speeding and running down a pedestrian.

"Your Honor," said the chauffeur, "it was all my fault. The pedestrian was not to blame."

And the poor Judge dropped dead.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Fortunate Encounter—"Did you carry any war workers downtown with you?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Chuggins; "and a good job it was. I got a couple of 'em on board just in time for them to help me repair a blowout and replace the tire."—*Washington Star.*

Some Try It—"What's the use of cussing so continuously?"

"The darned auto won't go."

"Well, you can't run it by lung power."—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

Precarious Situation—"How about a jury for this automobile colliding case?"

"We're up a tree," said the lawyer on the other side.

"How so?"

"Well, a jury of motor owners will be as wise as all-get-out about an affair of this kind."

"True."

"While a jury of non-motorists may soak the pair of us."—*Kansas City Journal.*

The Gem of the Collection

"*Je n'ai plus besoin de vos renseignements; ne pourriez-vous pas, gardien, me laisser seul?*"

"*Pardon, monsieur—mais c'est que nous sommes responsables du charbon.*"

"Never mind, guard, I don't need your explanations. I can get along quite well by myself."

"Excuse me, sir, but we're responsible for that scuttle of coal."—*Le Pêle-Mêle* (*Paris*).

What They Escaped—"Remember son, President Garfield drove mules on a towpath and President Lincoln split rails."

"I know, Dad; but say, did any of these presidents ever crank a cold motor in a blizzard for half an hour before he discovered that he didn't have any gasolene?"—*Richmond Dispatch.*

DARKYISMS

Can't Fool 'Em—There is at least one old colored man in Accomac, Virginia, who will not be fooled on his Liberty Bonds.

Our good old Accomac County friend of a long and honorable life told a visitor how some "sharp boy" came around the "diggings," and first offered him $95 for his Second Liberty Bond.

Said the old man: "Whaffoah Ah'm gwine sell $100 of good Guvament money for $95?"

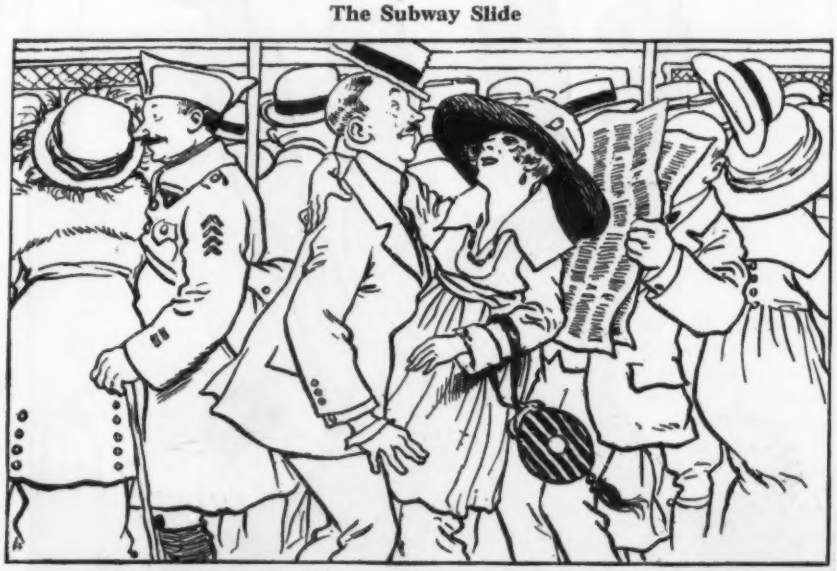
Whereupon the visitor said: "Well, Mr. Boone, here's going you better. Here's $102 for your First Liberty Bond."

"An whaffoah you gwine gib me $102 of good money foah $100 of good money?" replied the darkey. "Man, travel on, foh yoah all's arristed wid counterfeit money on you."—*Wall Street Journal.*

His Strong Point—"Is your husband much of a provider, Malindy?"

"He jes' ain't nothin' else, ma'am. He gwine to git some new furniture providin' he gits de money; he gwine to git de money providin' he go to work; he go to work providin' de job suits him. I never see such a providin' man in all mah days."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Subway Slide



"*Oh! Pardon, madame!*"

"*Ne vous excusez pas, monsieur: ça me rappelle le tango argentin.*"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, madam!"

"That's all right. It reminds me of the Argentine tango."—*Le Rire* (*Paris*).

ART

Tame Stuff—"An artist's model contributes to a magazine her impressions of the artists for whom she has posed."

"Rather spicy, eh?"

"Well, no. At least, she doesn't say anything to which the wives of the married artists could take exception."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Diminished Aspirations — "You didn't get much applause," said the manager of the op'ryhouse.

"I no longer ask for applause," said Mr. Stormington Barnes. "So many people accuse me of murdering 'Hamlet' that I'm thankful for a mere alibi."—*Washington Star.*

Made a Hit—*Judge*—You say this man was at the performance last night and that he took aim and fired an egg at you?

Actor—Yes, Your Honor.

Judge—And was it bad?

Actor—The egg was, Your Honor, but the aim was not.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

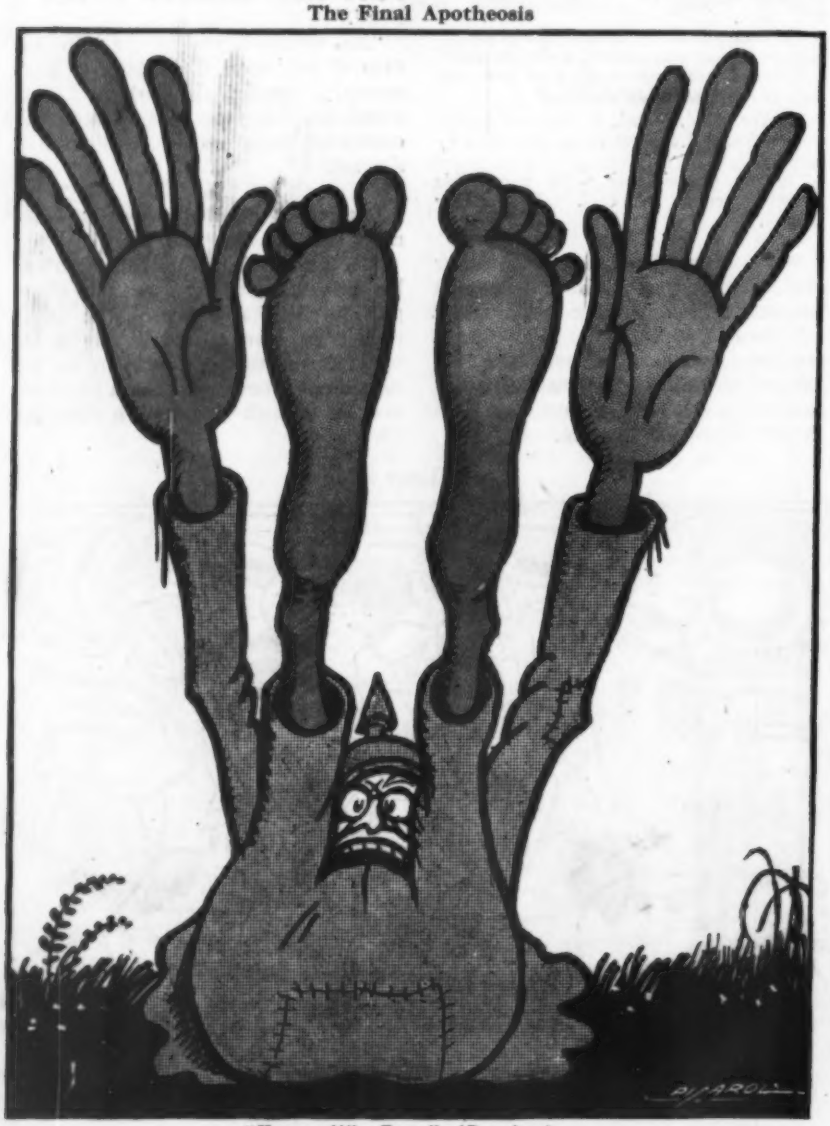
The Favored One—"The prima donna's retinue consists of——"

"Her manager, her husband, her accompanist, her maid and her poodle."

"And which suffers least from her outbursts of temper?"

"The long-haired one with an asthmatic bark."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

The Final Apotheosis



"Kamerad!"—*Esquella (Barcelona).*

British Gallantry

"*Tout de même, capitaine, vous n'êtes pas aimables avec tout le monde comme avec nous?*"

"*Pardon: ainsi les Boches, nous comptons bien les reconduire aussi jusque chez eux.*"

"But, captain, are you as attentive with everybody as you are with us?"

"Rather. Even with the Germans, we are escorting them home."—*Le Rire (Paris.)*

Cruel—*Smearcase*—What's the matter with my picture?

Cashmere—The artist!—*Annals of American Aesthetics.*

YANKS

Short Changed—"Are you writing regularly to your boy Josh?"

"I dunno," replied Farmer Corntossel. "I kind o' got an idea that I've been writin' to the censor. After the censor takes out the news he wants he lets Josh keep the change."—*Washington Star.*

Democracy—War, under present conditions, is a great social leveler. The son of a well-to-do family had recently entered service as a private and was spending his Christmas leave at home.

His mother, returning from a walk with him, espied a figure in the kitchen with the housemaid.

"Clarence," she said to her son, "Mary's got some one in the kitchen. She knows perfectly well that I don't allow followers. I wish you'd go and tell the man to leave the house at once."

Clarence duly departed to the kitchen, but he returned somewhat hastily a few seconds lately.

"Sorry, mother," he said, "but I can't turn him out."

"Can't turn him out? Why on earth not?"

"He's my sergeant!"—*Saturday Night.*

POLITICS

Popular Science—"I suppose you understand the science of government."

"To be frank," replied Senator Sorghum, "I'm not as strong on the science of government as I ought to be. I have meant to take it up, but I have been tied right down to my studies in the science of how to get reelected."—*Washington Star.*

Too Unusual—"I see a bill recently passed Congress without a dissenting vote."

"What of it?"

"I didn't suppose it possible to propose a bill so reasonable that everybody would vote for it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Full Field in Kansas—A. Jay Bird was up today from Sleepy Hollow and reported that he was defeated in his race for constable. He said: "This here runnin' for office reminds me of that old-fashioned game 'Pussy Wants a Corner' when there's too many playin'."—*Hutchinson News.*

FOOD

Sheer Boredom—"Madam, I see you advertise table board."

"I do."

"But why specify table board? What other kind of board is there?"

"Stable board. You ain't the first jackass that has been along."—*Kansas City Journal.*

An Aid to Conservation—"Do you suppose Mr. Hoover will ever be forgotten?"

"Not so long as Mr. Dubwaite lives," said Mrs. Dubwaite.

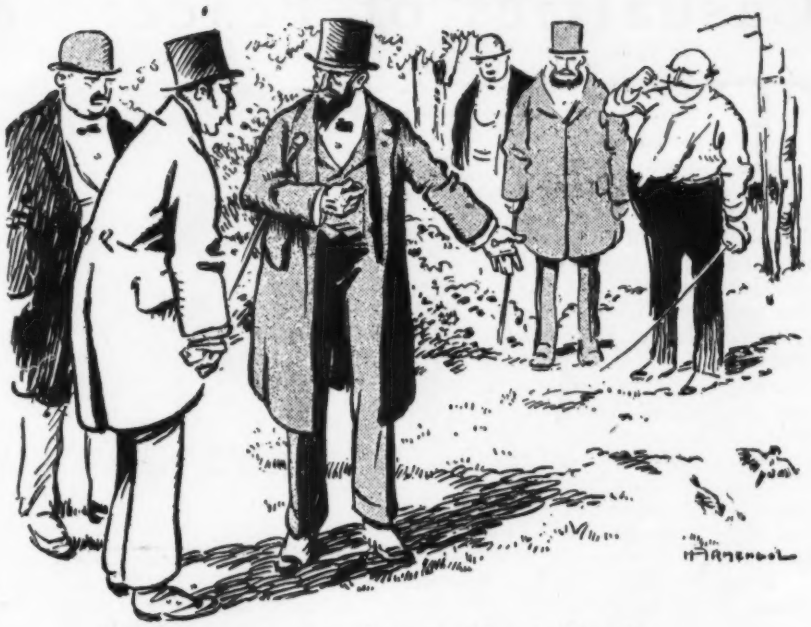
"He's a great admirer of the food administrator, I presume?"

"Yes, Mr. Dubwaite has learned that Mr. Hoover has a name to conjure with when the children want a second helping at the table."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Other Side of the Counter—"Do you mean to tell me that eggs are eighty cents a dozen?"

"Yes," replied the imperturbable dealer. "It seems outrageous, doesn't it, to part with anything so precious as a dozen eggs for a paltry eighty cents?"—*Washington Star.*

The Modern Musketeer



"Ça ne se fait pas, voyons, vous êtes en retard d'une demi-heure."
"Je pensais que vous auriez commencé sans moi."
"Heavens, man, you're half an hour late!"
"Sorry, I thought you could begin without me."—*Le Pêle-Mêle* (*Paris*).

Forebodings—"I bet Josh'll be glad to get home," said Mrs. Corntossel.

"I don't doubt it," replied her husband; "only bein' used to that soldier fare I'm afraid he ain't goin' to be satisfied with the way Mr. Hoover lets us home folks eat."—*Washington Star.*

The New Tyrant

Rei i senyor.
Spanish Flu.—*Esquella* (*Barcelona*).

THE OLD SOD

Hello, Dr. Garfield!—After Patsy Hogan had left Dublin for the country, and rented a cottage with a small backyard, he returned to town and purchased a monkey. Not a word of his scheme would he disclose to his old cronies.

But afterwards he explained, "'Twas like this: I chained the monkey to a shtick in me yard, and the coal thrains were passin' all day, and on iv'ry thrain there was a stoker. In one week I had two tons of coal in me cellar, and the monkey was never wanst hit!"—*London Tit-Bits.*

Paving the Way—An Irishman was engaged at stone-breaking on the roadside, but, not being used to the work, did not make much progress. A friend, who chanced to pass by as Pat was vigorously belaboring a large stone, tried to show him the right way. Taking the hammer from him, he broke the stone with ease.

Said Pat: "Sure now, and it be easy for ye to break the stone afther I have been softening it for the last half-hour."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Casualties of Peace: *By* Lawton Mackall

The Show Shop

THOUGH it may not have been listed as one of the conditions, the signing of the great armistice involved the demobilization of all war fiction and the capitulation of a sufficient number of war plays. The retirement is proceeding in orderly fashion. Broadway, illumined once more with the dazzling signs that spell peace and ginger ale and corsets, is gradually being restored to its pristine quietude. As the offstage air raids and barrages in the wings get fewer and fewer, and the smoke of sham battles less choking, the chances of shell-shock in the audience diminish.

Buzzing wireless outfits, whether secreted in fireplaces or bookcases or brazenly carried in boxes, will be taken over by the Government at the same time that Mr. Burleson gathers in the field telephones. Firearms will be issued only to duly authorized crooks, Western ranchers, master detectives and desperate women. Villains, realizing the Wilhelmstrasse is now auf dem blink, will cease their spy snooperies and walk like other villains, contenting themselves with hounding hapless innocents and foreclosing the mortgage on the old farm. Heroes in comedy drama, instead of being in the service of Uncle Sam, will be in the employ of Her Father, or else putting one over on him, or both. Instead of achieving sudden glory, they will achieve the usual sudden spondulix. There will be no need of overseas transportation between the acts. Heroines, instead of taking the Red Cross veil, will advertise appropriate milliners.

In musical comedy the delicately-groomed tenor will feel more at ease with his gardenia than he did with his shoulder-bars; the comedian will bask in the greater flashiness of city clothes; the eccentric dancer will do his flipabout without the accompaniment of leather leggings and mock medals; and the chorus will abandon all pretense of charitable or otherwise useful activities and resume their status of mere ornaments.

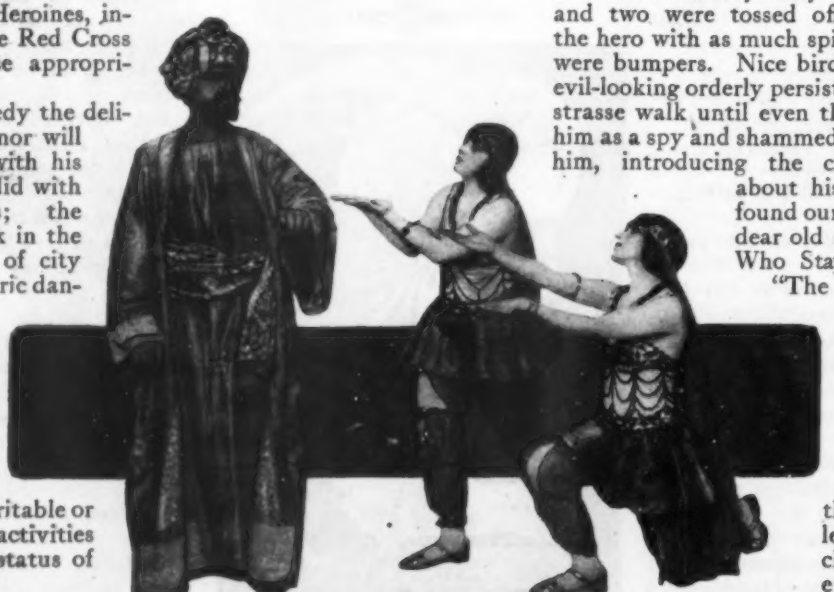
In short, the war is over as a subject for theatrical exploitation. There will be an end of making cash out of khaki. Melodramatic flimflam that "got by" because it pretended to be a reflection of stirring events of the moment now appears as empty and unenthralling as Luna Park in midwinter.

But not all the pieces roughly classed as war plays are war plays. Some of them are people plays in a war setting. Human nature never ceases to be timely. We can enjoy Bairnsfather's *Old Bill* even more now that we have peace and relaxation in which to relish him. Nor does human ingenuity ever grow out of date.

"Three Faces East," for example, remains an absorbing mystery play. The keen chess game between the British and German secret services, wherein *Boelke* is finally cornered, has lost nothing of its interest and mystification because the Yanks are now acting as watch on the Rhine. A good puzzle is always a good puzzle.

"By Pigeon Post," an English success which was not presented in America until after the armistice, arrived too late to appear essential. Its amiably cooing birds, housed in an elegant coop at the back of the stage especially designed for them by Mr. Urban, and kept on file in their pigeon-holes until needed—these constituted the only novelty the play had to offer. Two birds arrived dramatically from the Great Off-Stage through the receiving window of the coop (it would be unkind to say they were handed in), and two were tossed off the balcony by the hero with as much spirit as though they were bumpers. Nice birds! But when the evil-looking orderly persisted in his Wilhelmstrasse walk until even the hero recognized him as a spy and shammed witlessness to fool him, introducing the cherished business about his faithful pipe, we found ourselves back in the dear old days of "The Man Who Stayed at Home."

"The Crowded Hour," which takes in a war setting, arrived equally late, but apparently that has not hurt it at all. It came late enough to escape the period of brainless bluster and cheap fustian, late enough for real values. It neither struts nor prates.



A haughty sheik and—well, they're pretty chic themselves. The show is entitled with rare aptness "Little Simplicity."

Bright Bits from New Plays

From "THE BETROTHAL"

There comes a time in the life of every lad when as a preparation for selecting the only girl in all the world, it is advisable to take stock of one's sweethearts. Tyltyl's inventory acknowledges six: the Woodcutter's Daughter, the Butcher's Daughter, the Beggar's Daughter, the Miller's Daughter, the Innkeeper's Daughter, the Mayor's Daughter. An old fairy fetches them all at once for purposes of observation and osculation. This one is the Butcher's Daughter. Comparisons of this sort are by no means odious.

From "HOME AGAIN"

From "SLEEPING PARTNERS"

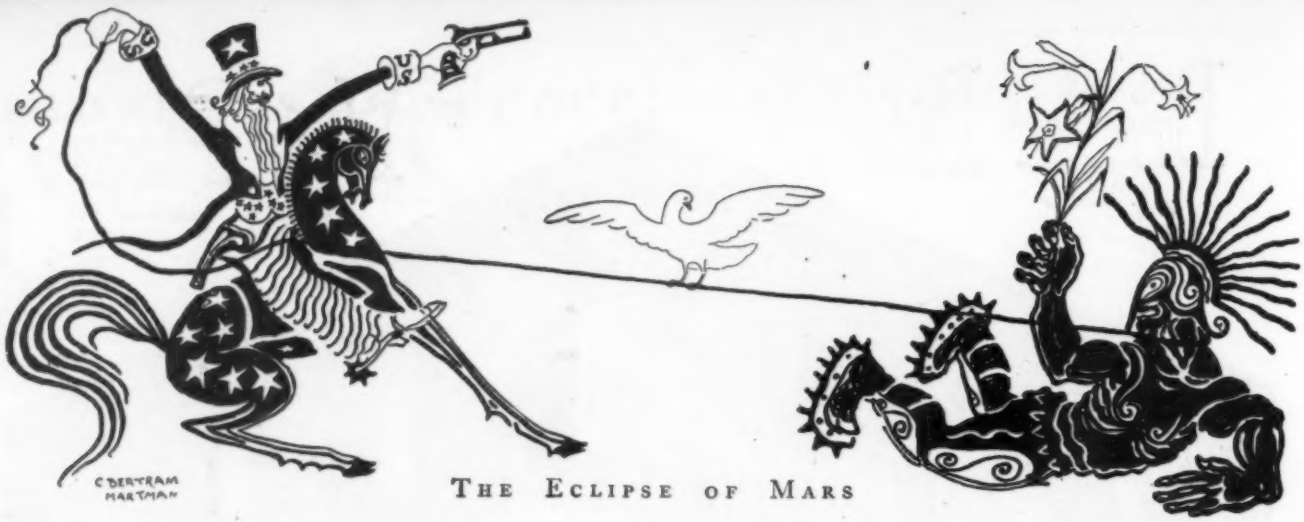
From "BE CALM, CAMILLA"

Camilla is also taking stock of fancy suitors. Her inventory, though smaller and less symbolic than Tyltyl's, comprises a millionaire (now absent) and a song writer (trying to be as present as he can.)

The dialogue here is awfully bright, but this is a French farce — and discretion is the better part of editing.

The Raggedy Man's lines to the kiddies are much safer.

"I've got the hives and new straw hat,
And I've come back where my beau lives at."



THE ECLIPSE OF MARS

Tent — and — Deck

Way Back, But Not Sit Down

By SERGT. L. B. ROGERS, *Battery F, 150th Field Artillery, A. P. O. 715, A. E. F., France*

PRIVATE WISE says: "The reason they call it 'Rest Camp' is because they call on you to do the rest of the work you didn't have time for at the front."

False Pretenses

By TRUMPETER D. BATEMAN, *C. A. S. C., Ft. Osborne Barracks, Winnipeg, Can.*

Sergt.—Halt! You can't go in there!

Pvt. Dooley—Why not, sir?

Sergt.—Because it's the general's tent, you lobster.

Pvt. Dooley—Then what are they doing with "Private" over the door?

Most Anything May Happen Once

By PVT. L. J. HEREDERO, *3rd Co., N. C. O. T. S., Inf. Rep. Camp, Camp MacArthur, Texas.*

Lieut. (to a newly transferred group)—How many of you have been out to the rifle range? (Some raised their hands).

Lieut.—Did you have any accidents?

Almost-a-Soldier—Yessir, I hit the target.

In the Dark

By SERGT. ARTHUR N. LEONARD, *117 Ord. Depot Co., Camp Greene, N. C.*

The other night, one of the sentries on guard at the magazines imagined a shadow moving between the empty freight cars and lustily called "Halt! Who's there," a couple of times. Not getting a reply he discharged the entire clip in his rifle, thus disturbing the peace of a colored sentry guarding the Q. M. corral a few hundred feet away. This was Rastus' first attempt at guard duty, and in the moonlight he looked absolutely pale. One of our non-coms hearing the shots walked over to the negro and asked him where the trouble was.

"Ah don't 'zecly know, Cap'n," said the brunette, "but sombudy down yonder sho did scaire me stiff!"

"Why don't you call the corporal of the guard?"

"Ah don't know where he am, Cap'n."

This Week's $5 Prize Winner

Bone-Dry Heroism

By LIEUT. WILLIAM B. ESTES, *Hdqr. 7th F. A. Brigade, A. E. F., France*

DURING the St. Mihiel campaign, as I approached the slope of one of our emplacements, I saw my sergeant stretched out bleeding and groaning. I put my arms around him and said: "Cheer up, Sergeant, the stretchers are on their way. I want you to go back, recover and return. In the meantime I will recommend you for a Croix de Guerre."

At this he slightly moved his head, and his expression changed as he said, "Sir, a quart of what?"

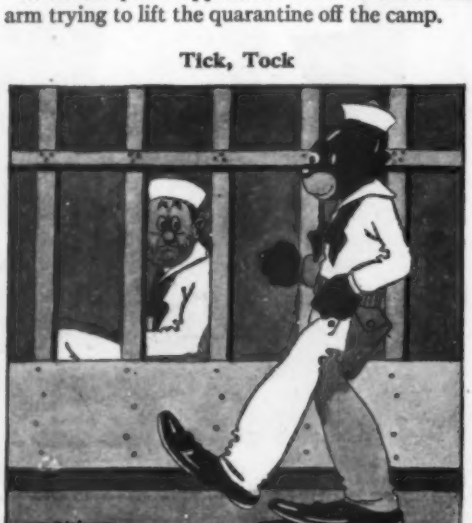
The Liberator

By SEA. BILL MCINTYRE, *U. S N.*

She (going through base hospital at Pelham Bay)—What happened to that poor sailor who has his arm in a sling?

Wise Hospital Apprentice—Oh! he broke his arm trying to lift the quarantine off the camp.

Tick, Tock



Drawn by CLIFFORD J. DOW, *S. S. Idaho*

Ship-jumper — (In the Brig,)—What time is it, guard?

Salty—Watta you wanna know de time foh? You ain't goin' nowheres!

He Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

By SERGT. JAMES H. WEIR, *Co. B, Carnegie Institute Tr. Det., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

THE O. D. chanced to pass a dejected looking private who was evidently going to proceed without the customary salute. Provoked, the officer called out:

"Hey you! How about that salute?"

"I can't salute you, sir. I'm a prisoner, sir."

"A prisoner? Where's your guard?"

"I don't know, sir. That's who I'm looking for."

Tongue Limitations

By CORPL. T. W. CULLEN, *Prov. Field Hospital, Co. C, Ft. Riley, Kansas*

Officer (at medical inspection)—Say a-a-a-ah!

Tony—No speak-a de English!

Young Men Shall See Visions

By LOUIS BRENNER, *U. S. N. T. S., Balboa Park, Cal.*

After reading the sign "Join the Navy and See the World" I walked into a recruiting office and enlisted. Two weeks later I was sent from Philadelphia to California, and there I was put on mess and saw "china."

In Charge of Replacement Unit

By PVT. HENRY S. FOSTER, *Anz. Rem't. 333, Camp Johnston, Fla.*

1st Soldier (on seeing a civilian approaching with a perambulator)—That man is of draft age, too.

2nd Soldier—Yes, but I'll say he's pushing his claim for exemption.

Applied Logic

By PVT. KENNETH HUFFAKER, *8th Ord. Supply Co., Raritan O. T. C., N. J.*

A colored sergeant while drilling a squad of dusky-hued lads at Camp Jackson had one boy who could not or would not stand at attention. After exhausting his patience and vocabulary on the erratic one, he secured a two-by-four from a woodpile nearby and started toward the boy.

"Man!" cried the lad. "Whut yo' gwine do wid dat stick?"

"Niggah, I'm either goin' to stand you to attention, or *lay* you to attention!"

TENT AND DECK

Continued from Opposite Page

The Way of Ambition

By Pvt. Curtis B. Verhuie, *26th Aero Sqd., A. E. F., France*

Commanding Officer—I understand you are anxious to try your hand at flying.

Private—Yes, sir! Give me a chance.

C. O.—All right, you can begin with repairing the flue in the mess hall.

A Mixed Grill

Drawn by Pvt. Dick Kennedy, *San. Det. 102nd Supply Train, A. E. F.*

Pathetic picture of a Yank who studied French, and was sent to Russia instead of France.

School of the Soldier

By Candidate Arthur ("Bugs") Baer, *Fourth Observation Battery*

Handling the Raw Ones

For preliminary instruction a squad of raw recruits is formed. If you don't like 'em too raw, you will find that four minutes' roasting will make 'em all hard-boiled.

A squad consists of eight thin soldiers or four fat ones. The men should be aligned according to complexion, as a front rank of blondes is much neater than a rank of brunettes. Red-headed soldiers should always be hidden in the rear.

Don't align your men according to height. Mix stubby recruits up with tall ones. This gives the bizarre broken-toothed comb effect so popular in our army circles.

Instructions Minus Arms

The raw recruits should be drilled without rifles until they become accustomed to the blisters caused by the weight of their army hats bearing down on their new army shoes. Many a good bird dog has been spoiled by shooting the rifle too suddenly near his false teeth.

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COHAN & HARRIS PRESENT
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A Play of the Secret Service by Anthony & Paul Kelly
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NEW MUSICAL PLAY **LITTLE SIMPLICITY**

CASINO Broadway and 39th Street. Evenings 8:15. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday 2:15.
MERRY MUSICAL ROMANCE **SOME TIME** WITH ED. WYNN

Looks Like Business

"Why did you buy that old doormat when your office furniture is brand-new?"

"I think a worn doormat outside is a good advertisement for a lawyer."

Popular

"What is popular science?"

"The kind you read in the magazines, and—"

"Yes?"

"Don't have to study."

The Curriculum

"The Americans have become a highly educated race."

"What do you mean?"

"The questionnaires made them think."

Broadway and Thereabouts

Jottings of a Theatre-Fan Anent the Shows in New York

By L. M.

BE CALM, CAMILLA—*Booth.* As deliciously crisp and unimportant as a bit of French pastry.

BETROTHAL, THE—*Shubert.* Symbolic suggestions as to how to choose a mate.

BETTER 'OLE, THE—*Cort.* Bairnsfather laughs held over from the late war.

BIG CHANCE, THE—*48th Street.* Regeneration party on the western front.

BY PIGEON POST—*Cohan.* Breathlessly opening what the dear little birds have brought us, we find it's a spy play.

CANARY, THE—*Globe.* Not a bird at all, but a precious "jool" treasured by Julia Sanderson and inadvertently swallowed by Joseph Cawthorn.

CAPRICES DE MARIANNE, LES; LE FARDEAU DE LA LIBERTE—*Vieux Colombier.* Unusual and very pretty, but it all happens in French.

CROWDED HOUR, THE—*Selwyn.* Jane Cowl wins the croix de guerre and hands back the husband she unlawfully appropriated.

DADDIES—*Lyceum.* Bachelors adopt small war orphans and a rather large one in skirts.

DADDY LONG LEGS—*Henry Miller.* Ruth Chatterton demonstrates that even a non-war orphan may have her points.

EVERYTHING—*Hippodrome.* Including a condensed edition of "Pinafore," boiled down but still bubbling.

FOREVER AFTER—*Central.* To lovers like these nothing will suffice but unconditional eternity.

FRIENDLY ENEMIES—*Hudson.* Sam Bernard and Louis Mann as curious specimens of a now extinct race—the German-Americans.

GIRL BEHIND THE GUN—*New Amsterdam.* Can a lady be a wife and a "godmother" at the same time?

GLORIANNA—*Liberty.* Eleanor Painter as the widow of somebody else's very live husband.

HOME AGAIN—*Playhouse.* Dramatic Who's Hoosier, including such celebrities as Doc Townsend, the Raggedy Man, and Orphant Annie.

LIGHTNIN'—*Gaiety.* Old Bill Jones's mission at the court of Reno.

LITTLE SIMPLICITY—*Astor.* She shrinks from him in Tunis and the Latin Quarter, but relents in the Y. M. C. A.

MIDNIGHT FROLIC—*Cocoanut Grove.* Popular æsthetics.

MIDNIGHT WHIRL—*Century Grove.* The follow-through of the evening.

NOTHING BUT LIES—*Longacre.* Ananias outdone by Willie Collier.

OPERA COMIQUE—*Park.* They came to Puccini and Donizetti, and remain to Gilbert & Sullivan.

OH, MY DEAR!—*Princess.* Messrs. Bolton and Wodehouse, the popular matrimony-wrecking concern, continue their smart depredations under cover of Hirsch's tunes.

PLACE IN THE SUN, A—*Comedy.* She was a farmer's daughter and he was a city swell.

REDEMPTION—*Plymouth.* John Barrymore has his own private Russian unrest.

RIDDLE: WOMAN, THE—*Harris.* Bertha Kalich smashes the neutral calm of Copenhagen.

ROADS OF DESTINY—*Republic.* He turns in three different directions, but finds the same fate-girl in each.

SAVING GRACE, THE—*Empire.* Cyril Maude gallantly sustains a weak comedy.

SINBAD—*Winter Garden.* Having been with us over a year, Al Jolson thinks he might as well stay on through the holidays.

SLEEPING PARTNERS—*Bijou.* The rough places are neatly smoothed out.

SOME TIME—*Casino.* Any time strikes Ed Wynn as being appropriate for a pun.

TEA FOR THREE—*Maxine Elliott.* The friend looks in, the husband looks out.

THREE FACES EAST—*Cohan & Harris.* One of those "guess again" ingenuity plays.

THREE WISE FOOLS—*Criterion.* Just a slip of a girl, and they all skid.

TIGER! TIGER!—*Belasco.* What spring madness did to Clive Couper's equanimity.

UNKNOWN PURPLE—*Lyric.* Melodrama built to accommodate new thrills.

Drawn by JOHN HELD, JR.

"You know that bit of shrapnel that I was to bring you as a memento. If you want it you'll have to marry me."

"Why, where is it?"

"In my shoulder."

Rookie Realisms

By Private Chester W. Shafer

Ambulance Co. 339, 310th Sanitary Train

The Review

A REVIEW is a strained state of military affairs that exists for quite a period subsequent to the desire of a camp commander or some other person in authority to give the increment the once-over. It attracts wide attention, furnishes a line on the correctness of the figure issued by the statistical section of the personnel division, and openly supplies data on the disappearance of certain previous Liberty Loans.

From the standpoint of a soldier a review is about as profitable as an endeavor to see Nellie home from a church social when her steady is waiting outside under the elms. He probably could get along just as well without it. But he understands his responsibility and always turns out gracefully. Somehow or other he doesn't feel like refusing. He knows that the plans are deliberate and that much time and thought has been spent on them, so he always deems it wise to go, even though he doesn't feel obligated. There never has been a review, up to December, 1918, that wasn't a success. In all cantonments excellent turnouts have been recorded. Turnouts won the war.

There is nothing accidental about a review. It is mentioned in the general orders and the commanding officers of the various units in the camps are instructed well in advance so that they can get the orders filled at the company canteen. Early in the morning of the day selected, the troops with full equipment concentrate on a designated acreage while the officers, major and minor domos and whatever distinguished visitors may be present, congregate on the reviewing stand. A mystic signal is given and the soldiers and equipment are on the move. Several wide detours are made and it looks, for a moment, as if the real object would not be attained, but at a certain point a turn is made and all is set. At the ringing command "Pass in Revyouuuu!" the soldiers, in platoon formation, swing by the reviewing stand. Their heads and eyes are to the right. Visitors cheer. The band plays something intoxicating. Every man in line is thrilled. He believes that he is being particularly noticed by the commanding officer. Afterward he learns that his hunch was spurious. The only individual soldiers noticed at a review are those who fall down. They are later mentioned in some of the prolific camp literature and are usually highly recommended—something like thirty or sixty days on fatigue duty.

All branches of the service in a camp are represented in a review. The artillery, infantry, signal battalions, engineers, medical men and others are included. All use the measured tread. The only irregularity is on the hoofbeat of the pack mule. This animal usually goes by the reviewing stand without thought of convention and form. Any number of nice reviews have been spoiled by the promiscuous running away of mules. And four of these animals, hitched to a commissary wagon, tearing ahead without regard for ceremony, can jim a review in no time. After they plunge through a few company fronts and run down a band or two they can make the best review of all look like a mass meeting.

A review fairly breeds patience. Thousands of national army soldiers who were prone to rail and fret standing ten deep in a line at a ticket window now wait all morning for a chance to go by a reviewing stand at double time.

And, more than that, they like it.

Reward

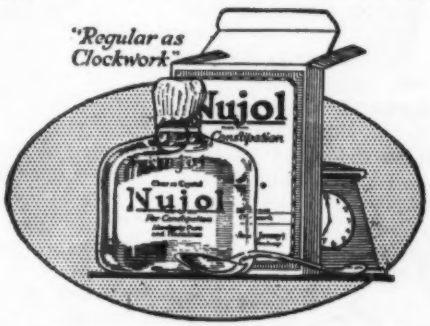
Do you know this man

Height: 6 ft. 1 inch *Face:* Thin
Weight: 145 lbs. *Features:* Prominent

Description: When last seen was on his way to hospital. Used to weigh 185, had florid complexion, good appetite and enthusiasm for work. Six months ago began to have irregular bowel movements. Took pills. Lost weight—still irregular. Took salts—violent results. Had medical examination: doctor diagnosed case as self-poisoning, due to clogged, decaying food-waste in large intestine; said pills and purges had weakened the intestinal muscles so they would not function Man protested violently that he was not sick. Doctor replied that he had been sick since first bowel irregularity. Prescribed complete rest and the Nujol Treatment. Said if he had cultivated regular habits with Nujol he would have had no trouble—now, however, he was an easy mark for the poisoning he was allowing in his own body.

REWARD: For restoration of this man to regularity, Nature offers reward of health, and return to normal weight and keenness.

If you are the man apply at the nearest drug store for one bottle of



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A Family Discussion

"You hire a taxi to give your dog an airing?"

"I do."

"I call that extravagance."

"A cheeseparing policy gets you nothing. If he got his feet wet I'd have to call a doctor."

Obeying Orders

"Why are you always looking into that mirror?"

"The boss told me to watch myself," said the new stenog.

Poor Guy

"There's at least one chap who will miss the kaiser."

"Who is that?"

"The photographer."

A Volunteer

"I'm tired of this bunch of alleged movie comedians and their slapstick stuff."

"The producer says it pays."

"Well, if he'd turn me loose in his studio with a club I could give him a great film."

Food for Thought

Man wants but little here below and Hoover sees that he gets it.

WITH *the* COLLEGE WITS
Irrepressible, Joyous, Irresponsible

Pleasing Speed

A YOUNG aviationing lad,
Fell ten thousand feet in a Spad;
Then said, "It's a shame
That the jar made me lame,
For the trip coming down wasn't bad!"
—*Widow.*

The Passenger's Rebuke

Conductor—What's your station?

Souse—Well (hic), you ought to know. Itsh on your (hic) railroad.—*Jack o' Lantern.*

Saved His Life

"Did you follow my prescription?" asked the doctor as he entered the sick-room.

"No, I didn't," replied the gouty old man. "If I had I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of the window."—*Record.*

Heredity

"I see that Sharpleigh's son is studying law. Is he following a natural bent?"

"Bent? H—, yes! That whole family is born crooked!"—*Widow.*

The Original

"Cain was the original Marine."

"Why?"

"He was the First to Fight."—*Record.*

"Was your brother, the captain, much upset at the loss of his leg?"

"He wrote that he was glad to be rid of that d—— corn.—*Widow.*

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shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ in your own home, at one-quarter usual cost. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method is endorsed by leading musicians and heads of State Conservatories. Successful 25 years. Play chords at once and complete piece in every key, within 4 lessons. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. For beginners or teachers, old or young. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for 64-page free book, "How to Learn Piano or Organ." M. L. Quinn Conservatory, Studio J L, Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

FUN *from our* FIGHTERS
Good Things in Service Papers

Reminded Him of Home

"HEY, private, what's the idea of this lady's hose hanging here?"

"Well, you see, sir, I just wanted a homelike touch."—*Upton Trench and Camp.*

NO FAULT OF HIS.
—*Great Lakes Recruit.*

Kissing

Some
Girls
Who don't believe
In kissing
Before they
Go down
To see a
Troop train
Go through
Go back
With
A
Different
Opinion.

But, kissing a soldier is nothing to brag about. There are too many opportunities.—*Trench and Camp.*

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HEADACHE TABLETS
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He Knew

Ensign (teaching a class in military courtesy)—And what rank is an officer with one star?

Ex-Jailbird—Sheriff, sir!—*Arklight.*

Airing His Soldier Knowledge

Lieut. Harry Powell of the E. M. T. D. was dining with a brother officer at his home the other evening when the host's youngest son, a kiddie of seven years, kept teasing his soldier-father with the request that he wanted to be a soldier.

"Kin I be a so-jer, papa," the kiddie insistently pleaded?

The lieutenant finally agreed with his offspring, saying, "Why, certainly, my boy, you may be a soldier if you wish."

"Dammit, then, pass them beans," burst forth from the child to the general surprise of everyone.—*Kelly Field Eagle.*

Drawn by A. B. WALKER

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY

Now, children, instead of my giving to you this year, you give to me for the Red Cross.

Drawn by CALVERT SMITH

F—STANDS FOR FUTURE AND ALSO FOR FINISH

The Truth About Truth

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

SOME women don't come in on the offering but are glad to add their mite to the story that is passed around after service.

Some of us make sure of our facts before speaking, but most of us only that we cannot be contradicted.

The only way to lie successfully is first to build up a reputation for telling the truth.

One reason why the liar gets away with it is because the liar is generally a better fellow.

The truth is mighty and shall prevail, but the truth is mighty slow prevailing.

The truth is not always welcome, but few slam the door in the face of flattery.

The man who always tells the truth has hard work getting himself believed.

A stone gathers momentum, a snowball size, as it rolls—a story both.

Truth crushed to earth may rise again, but look at the darned thing.

Telling the truth may not shame the devil but it must surprise him.

Many a person who won't give to a beggar is glad to give a lift to a lie.

Few men are as good or women as bad as it is said they are.

You must thresh a lot of straw to get a grain of truth.

Few things are told as happened, and none retold.

Men have been hanged by liars who believed themselves.

Better look ahead at a hope than back at a fact.

Truth is stranger than fiction, in fact, unusual.

Nothing is lost by repetition, except a reputation.

You are somewhat of a liar to believe a lie.

The biggest liar in the world is They Say.

There is more truth than people believe.

Scandal is a lie with the poison added.

Dreams are the lovely liars of night.

If figures don't lie why corsetieres?

Lips may lie, but cheeks talk truth.

Timely Wall Decoration For A Patriotic Home

"Die Wacht am Rhein" illustrated the front cover of a recent issue of Judge, and the demand for copies of it actuated our adding it to our large assortment of art prints.

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Do Our Boys Like Judge? Wow!

Some unsolicited letters from soldiers at home and "Over There."

A Gloom Disperser

DEAR SIR: Just a few lines of congratulation on behalf of my soldier friends and myself in the 64th Balloon Co. who read your magazine from the first to the last page, so full of witty sayings and good jokes. JUDGE is really the best monotony driver and gloom disperser we find. My brother has been one of your subscribers since 1914 and he sends me his copy every week. When the mail train is delayed most every one of my soldier friends knows it because they miss the magazine which I read to our boys after the day's toil is done. Keep up the good work. I'd like you to put in an extra line or two in your magazine to encourage all of your subscribers to send JUDGE to our boys in the U. S. A. and "over there." I thank you.

PRIVATE HENRY J. CONTRERAS,
64th Balloon Co., Arcadia, Cal.

They Fight For It

DEAR SIR: A copy of your magazine found its way into my company and the fellows were almost fighting one another to get it next. JUDGE is the most appreciated publication in this neck of the woods. We like the "Tent and Deck" page.

PRIVATE JOSEPH KOWALSKA, *Co. B, 125th Inf., A. P. O., 734, A. E. F., France.*

On Top

DEAR SIRS: I am one of your regular subscribers in New York City, but being now in England with the British Army I sort of miss the week's fun, except when I am lucky enough to get mine from the folks at home. The boys enjoy JUDGE very much and are always eager to listen to the jokes on the soldiers' page. . . . JUDGE is the most popular American magazine in this camp. I have had all the rest and a vote was taken which showed my favorite on top.

PRIVATE H. W. ROBIN, *159901, A. C., 4th Platoon, M (Grad.) Queen's R. W. S., Holt Lodge Camp, Holt, Norfolk, England.*

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The Submerged Half-Cent

By Tod Chenevix

THE new economics will accomplish a good deal besides helping Reconstruction if patrons give their approval to the price schedules. Some of them are formidable. Not the least formidable feature is the half-cent. It is no shrinking commodity—quite the reverse.

The half-cent does not remain what it is, but straightway becomes something it does not even pretend to be. It changes its form and is a whole cent before you can say Jack Jump.

Did you ever try to add half-cents when you bought something? Certainly not. A king couldn't do it. Only a grocer boy may attend to this important matter, and he does attend to it very well.

Your order calls for articles costing 17½, 25½, 32½, 37½ and 43½ cents, say one pound or one parcel of each, and then half a pound of goods at say 15, 27, 35, 37, 59, 73 cents, etc., and you have thus been obliged to part with one or more carfares, because you have been forced to annex 100 per cent. premium to every half-cent that has shown its head.

Don't Wear a Truss

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Brooks' Rupture Appliance

Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.
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Cuticura Soap
IS IDEAL
For the Hands
Soap 25c., Ointment 25 & 50c., Talcum 25c. Sample each mailed free by "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

Best of the New Phonograph Records

Disco's Selections

Disco makes a careful study of all the new records as issued, and from these chooses the few which he considers most desirable.

Home Dances

Blue Rose Waltz.

Nona Waltz. Played by Prince's Orchestra. *Columbia A6072.*

Both of these waltzes are fluently melodious. They will soothe the overwrought ear between jazz numbers.

Dolores. Spanish dance in two parts. Played by Garde Républicaine Bande of France. *Pathé 40138.*

Are you addicted to clicking the castanets and swirling about in Spanish sinuosities? Or do your friends restrain you? These pretty tunes, with their temperamental changes of tempo, will aid and abet you.

Everything Is Peaches Down in Georgia. Medley fox trot.

You're in Style When You're Wearing a Smile. Medley one-step. Played by Prince's Band. *Columbia A6073.*

The ubiquitous Georgia peaches are with us again. They make a first-class fox trot. The elimination of the words is a loss which we can easily steel ourselves to bear. The fashion note one-step is also lively.

Full-o-Snap. Fox trot.

Blue Rose. Waltz. Played by Emerson Military Band. *Emerson 986.*

This fox trot is a very spirited racket which doubtless will be adored by the cabaret cult. "Blue Rose," mentioned above, is here rendered by a band. Personally we prefer our waltzes on orchestras, because of the smoother sustaining power of the violins. But some people insist on the pep of brass.

General Pershing March. One-step.

Irish Regiment March. One-step. Played by American Regimental Band. *Pathé 20434.*

The middle section of each is varied and lightened by having the melody carried by a xylophone. The second, which makes a corking Virginia reel tune, is not strictly Hibernian: Scotch-Irish would be more accurate, since the "Campbells," those well-known comers, and "The Wearing of the Green" figure in it on a fifty-fifty basis.

Hindustan. Fox trot.

'N Everything. Fox trot. Played by Joseph C. Smith's Orchestra. *Victor 18507.*

The first teems with the witchery of that strange Orient which exists only in cabarets and the Winter Garden. Both tunes have an on-with-the-dance fervor calculated to endear them to the entire human fox-trotting race.

Indianola. Fox trot.

Oh, You La! La! Medley one-step. Played by William C. Sweatman's Jazz Band. *Columbia A2611.*

Mistah Sweatman's Ethiopian jazz barrage is at its best in "Indianola." The frenzied shriek of the clarinet and the long-drawn moan of the trombone are not to be heard with indifference. Even the drummer's assault and battery are noticeable. Yet the attack as a whole is concerted. In the "La! La!" number, however, the din is confused. When the noise finally clears away, you can't be sure just what has happened.

Disco will be glad to answer any inquiries from readers of this department concerning records and phonographs of all makes.

This department will be a permanent feature in Judge.

Next week—"Home Concert."

On His Way

The chosen people murmured, and demanded a king. Jehovah complied. The German people demanded a Kaiser. "Wrong shop," said Jehovah—"take the down elevator!"

A New Victor

"What's become of the chaps who used to tell young men how to succeed?"

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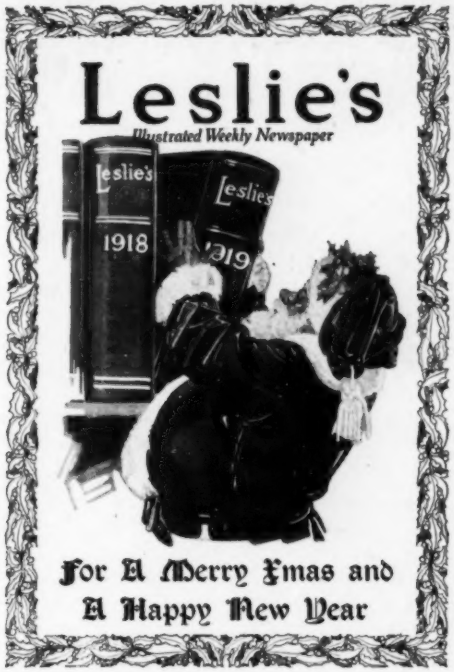

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